

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

Poetry.

The Minister's Daughter.
BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.
In the minister's morning sermon
He had told of the primal fall,
And of man's sin and the wrath of God
Rest on each and all.

And how, of His will and pleasure,
All souls, save a chosen few,
Were to be born in misery, burning
And held in the way thereto.

Yet never by faith's surcease
A sinner's heart was won,
And never had a soul lesson
A tender heart belied.

And after the painful service,
On that bright Sabbath day,
Held by his little daughter
Tore the apple-bloom of May.

Swet in the fresh green meadows
Sparrow and lark sang;
A dove, with her mate, the blushing orchards hung.

Around on the wonderful glories
The minister gazed with admiration;
"How good are these gifts from His hand, my child!

"Behold in the bloom of apples
And the violet in the award
A Master's love and the Lord's!

Then up spoke the little maiden,
Tearing on snow and mud,
"Father, I have seen what these gifts from His hand, my child!

Are very wicked, I think.

"There never had been garden of Eden
Than there never had been God would love us all."

"Hush, child!" the father answered,
"By His dearest man tell."

"I will tell him, in secret and darkness,
But doth all things well,

And whether by His own handing
To us cometh all the pain
And all the evil, yet eyes uplifted
Questioned his own vain.

"O, a few I'll!" said the daughter,
"And I try to love His too;

But I am a poor and gentle,
Kind and loving as you."

The minister groaned in spirit
As the words of his child's pain
And all the evil eyes uplifted
Questioned his own vain.

And lo! From the bloom and greenness,
From the violet in the award,
He read a lesson of Amy's.

No more as the cloudy terror
Of the world's sin,
But as Christ in the Syrian hills,
The vision of God saw.

And as when the bright presence shone,
The dread ineffable Glory,
Was the world alone.

Thereafter his heart was noted
In his prayers a tender strain,
And never the gospel of hatred
Burst from his lips alone.

And the sound tongue was prayerful,
And the blinded eyes found sight,
And the heart, as blinds informed,
Grew soft in his warmth and light.

Our Story Teller.

A STRANGE WEDDING.

CHAPTER I.

A Welsh wedding on a summer's day, A

little cottage by the sea, broad by a

clump of ruddy fir trees. A broad blue

lake stretching along the valley, with a white

sunbaked road skirting its southern shores;

while the opposite side rising upward

in the distance, the town of Hafod, in all

its bold and rugged outline, its

massiveness of coloring, stands the

mountain-mousetrap. An old man is

sitting beside the window, enjoying

the fresh fragrance of the morning,

and the gentle breeze that blows upward

from the lake. A child is playing at his

feet. The room is a very bright and

airy room, with a silver ring in the

center, breaks the peaceful quiet of the

spot, causing the old cottage to turn hasty-

ly round and scrutinize the intruder. A

A tall, slender, handsomely-visioned man,

clad in loose, tourist attire, is walking up

the garden pathway.

"Good morning, friend!" he exclaimed

as he entered the house. "I am a stranger

in this part of the world, and I hope you

will tell me where a Mr. Penrose lives."

The old man shook his head. He did

not understand the stranger's foreign

English tongue, and after a moment,

one within the house, a comely damsel

appeared at the porch, and courteously, with a smile, and a nod to the old man, he

strode away to reach the road that wound

up the hill.

The Hafod Gwynant was a picturesque

old house close by the shores of the lake,

and lying on the slope of a little fire-clay

hill. Its tall gables rising from amid

the trees, and its ivy-covered walls

from the road; but the windows of the

house itself commanded uninterrupted

views of the valley stretched out below.

The tall gables were dimpled up the

avenue, and it was a perfect picture,

being informed that Mr. Penrose was at

home, he sent his card, and was ushered

into the dining-room.

Soon after the door opened, and the gentle-

man sought for entered. He was a tall,

elderly man, with a benignant "counte-

nce" and well-set features. "Mr. Nelson

"—Mr. Penrose" he said, alternately looking at his visitor, and at his hand, who had risen and bowed to him on his entrance.

"Yes, sir, this is my master," replied the

young man, who was greatly delighted

with the presence of his master, and ex-

claimed, "How good-looking a gentleman—and with a smile and a nod to the old man, he strode away to reach the road that wound

up the hill.

The two men shook hands warmly.

"And how is my old friend? I now have

heard of him for a long, long time now,"

continued the old man.

"Alas, sir, he has been dead these eight

years. I am his only son. He often spoke

of you to me, and told me many and many

a story of the school-boy frolics you two

had in those days.

"Tears were fast rising into the other's

eyes. The old memories of our boy-

hood's happy past, how dear they are to us all; how vividly they come back to us again the next day!

The two were silent for a few minutes, when the young man continued: "I am a rambling youth North Wales on a tour of study, and I have been a good deal to learn the liberty that you had a residence in the neighborhood. I have taken the liberty to call and introduce myself to one whom my poor father, so often spoke of, and so dearly loved."

"And I am only too pleased to make

your acquaintance," replied Mr. Penrose.

"A son of Henry Nelson's will find a

friend in me. Come and let me intro-

duce you to my wife and niece. You must

stay the day with us."

He led the way into another room, where two elderly ladies were seated, a prima-

ry, coquettish-looking girl, scarcely 19, with a wavy mass of rippling golden hair, and gray eyes under dark eyelashes. These were Mrs. Penrose and Miss Amy Brightwell. The latter was Mr. Penrose's dead sister's child—an orphan and his ward. She was a frivolous, gay girl, with a decided taste for the society of the world, and the trifles of life. Her life, though, was not so gay as she would have liked it. She sighed for the gaieties of the saloons, the frivolities of the aunts. Her mother had died, off, was it not a Manchester spinster—after all; and between a red-cotton villa in the suburbs of Cottenham and this sum-

mer resort by the water, the two were divided.

She had never been to Lon-

don; but longed for its gaieties, as a child

longs for a beautiful toy. It has been of seeing and of hearing her see. Her delight was unfeigned. Visitors were not every-day occurrences at the Hafod, by any means; and a fine-looking man like Guy Nelson was a special rarity.

And had a good deal of romance about her, but little doubt from the vast amount of fiction with which she filled her little brain. Indeed she knew literally nothing of the world but what she had read, or more or less from novels, with all that unreal glamour of impossible life which too often perverts works of this kind. So before she had known this new acquaintance she had been a good deal of a "lady," and her mind was one of her model heroes. It was a red-letter day for Amy; for a light change from the dull monotony of her every-day life. She was the young man who was accessible to talk to as well as to look at.

He was evidently a polished, cultured gentleman. He told her about the great world of London; she longed to see it, and to gaze at it, as did the young girl in the story. She listened to him with great interest, and rounds of pleasure-making. She listened to him dreamily, with a smile on her face, and her eyes half-closed. The story of these unknown glories was to her the next best thing to sleep.

When evening came, he rose to take his departure to walk back to Beddgelert in the rosy stillness of the summer evening. Before he left, he had given his card to Amy, and spent a few days at the Hafod, if his time were his own, and he were not in too great a hurry to see all the "lions" of Wales. Amy was delighted over his arrival, and the next day he was to be a "lady" to her again, hearing him speak of the "hunting" state of affairs.

"My dear Amy," he said, "I am a great favorite to you, but I am not a hunting man."

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